

# HELP!

NOV • ICD • 35¢





Eat a little,  
so you should  
grow up to be a  
big man  
some day.

# HELP!

VOL. 2 NO. 4

NOV. 1962

HARVEY KURTZMAN editor

JAMES WARREN  
publisher

assistant editor

HARRY CHESTER  
production



## THE COMPANY PLANE By Bernard Shir-Cliff



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

### THE FUMETTI

This issue's fumetti took our merry little band of non-union elves farther

afield than we are wont to go. In fact, through the miracle of modern aviation, it took a portion of this gay, mad group up up up and away into the mild blue yonder for transportation between sets.



Joyce with Pool - Don't Knock Aviation

The hardest thing about getting a plane for the fumetti was convincing everybody we weren't going to knock aviation. In fact, a couple of plane rental outfits turned us down because they didn't want us to knock aviation. We all had been looking forward to going up for a flight, but after the tenth "Don't knock aviation" we started getting nervous.

Finally we took off from Westchester Airport in a Piper five-place Aztec and thirty minutes later landed—far far away from people—on the Flying W Ranch, a delightful hideaway with landing strip, restaurant, cabins and airplane-shaped swimming pool. Here we spent the afternoon photographing lovely Joyce Menide in a Bikini.

Ah, yes, friends—Don't knock aviation! Besides the fair Joyce, also featured in this issue's fumetti was Russ Heath, a busy young cartoonist who has worked with the editors through the MAD, TRUMP, HUMBUG and now HELPI years. Thanks to the make-up artistry of wizard Dick Smith, 12 year old Russ was able to look the part for his role as the 45 year old Mr. Bowles.

Also courtesy of Dick Smith's skill, Jim Hampton, a young off Broadway survivor, was able to play a variety of character parts including the airplane-shaped swimming pool. Jim just recently completed a starring role in a short movie, "One Plus One," which will soon be released to tumultuous acclaim.

### THE COVER

This issue's cover pays tribute to the ever increasing inundation of the American scene with quality goods marked,

## LETTERS

### PRaise

The Thomas Nast reprints were the best reprints you've ever run. I'm especially happy that you refrained from reprinting any of his Tweed Ring cartoons, which are probably the most reproduced pictures in American history.

It was probably the best issue of HELPI yet.

Ken Pitt  
Pearl River, N.Y.

### MORE! MORE!

I've been reading Kurtzman



10 Times Better?

mags since his very first one ... and I think HELPI is great, but I believe that having more cartooning by artists like Elder, Wood, Davis, Jaffee, Roth, Kurtzman, etc. would make your magazine 10 times better. I think other readers will agree.

Stephen Gordon  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### APOLOGY—PTU!!

I have found a most appropriate place for your apology to Archie Comic Books that appeared in issue #15 on page three. I have taped it to the bottom of the toilet seat.

Mike Kaufman  
Oceanside, N.Y.

### CONSCIENCE

Maybe your conscience doesn't bother you but I surely hope your wife does. I read HELPI #14 with hopes of reading a decent magazine. Instead I found that your magazine is not, as you claim, a collection of satire and humor but a filthy and indecent collection of garbage!

P.S. Please don't send your garbage to foreign nations in their own language. You only add to the material the Communists can use for deceptive

propaganda to further their godless cause.

Wayne Hinson  
Greensboro, N.C.

### CYRIL NAST

My brother-in-law showed me your HELPI #15 containing my father Thomas Nast's work. He thought the "NASTy" in the title an insult, but I did not think it was anything to worry about.

The drawings you reproduced of father's and the complimentary comments more

than offset the "y."

I wrote the Print Room of the N.Y. Public Library and told them to get a copy to add to their fine collection of Nast items.

For 31 years I was the advertising Manager of the N.Y. Edison Co. After retiring at 57 I had to do something to keep busy so I posed for photos and paintings on advertisements and illustrations, over 600 of them in 76 different characters. I am now 83 years old.

Cyril Nast  
Coatesville, Pa.

Actually, "NASTy Thomas Nast" was coined by Tom Nast's contemporaries and appeared in print many times in the opposition papers during the Grant-Greeley campaign—Ed.

### JENNIFER

I have a slight correction on your mention of Miss Jennifer Billingsley. 19-year old Miss Billingsley danced in Framingham, Mass, Not Birmingham, Mass.

Your mag is getting better and better, it's much easier to read than your competitors.

Dave McManus  
Birmingham, Mich.



His Pop



Made in Japan?

"MADE IN JAPAN." No longer is the legend synonymous with shoddy imitation. The Japanese are out-Germanning the Germans in the manufacture of precision optical and photographic equipment, and eventually we may very well find this legend even on our money. The chap expressing a certain amount of surprise at what he found on the epidermis of his fair companion is none other than our boy Jim Hampton of fumetti fame.

#### WONDER WARTHOG

Remember the Green Arrow, Captain Marvel, Captain Marvel, Jr., Superman,

Barry Goldwater? Well, from the annals of superheroes to the pages of HELPI! comes another super character to amaze, astound, surprise and nauseate our readership. The product of the stunted mind of Gilbert Sheldon, WONDER WARTHOG is a warthog's warthog—daring, bold, mercenary. For adventure you are not likely to see duplicated—and a damn good thing, too—turn to page 32.

#### HOORAH! FOR TEXT

Last issue, after a fairly long drought prose-wise, HELPI! printed a text piece by satirist William Manus called MARTY MEETS GIDEON. Well, sir, this particular bit of writing drew more comment and praise than any text piece run in HELPI! for quite a while. Thus encouraged, we once again embark on the perilous task of proving—in the face of overwhelming odds—that some readers can and will read words unattached in any way to a picture or drawing. Thus on page 22 you will find a bit of good-natured foolery by Arnold Hayne. Read it. It won't hurt a bit.

#### SECOND HELPING

Gold Medal Books—the publishing firm that likes to live dangerously—is publishing the second HELPI! pocketbook. Known laughingly as Harvey Kurtzman's SECOND HELPING, this sterling compilation of more of the best from HELPI! bids fair to outstrip FAST-ACTING HELPI!, which created apathy in Paris, tedium in London and a mild sensation of mal de mer from Coast to Coast. Soon your neighborhood news dealer will stop sneaking peeks at the center spreads in all the girls' magazines and place this beauty

out on the stands for a mere 35 cents. After we've gone to all this trouble to put out a pocketbook, you'd have to be pretty much of a fink not to buy it. We dare you. In fact, we double-dare you and double-dares don't go first.



Seconds, Anyone?



Fran, not Birm

#### AUSTRALIA CALLING

This is a fervent plea from down under. What has happened to your excruciating magazine? Please, if you have any feelings at all for your fellow human beings, check and see if someone hasn't forgotten all about us out here. I have Jan., Feb., Mar., April, June and Sept. of 1961 and Feb. 1962. I know there are some issues after and in-between but they haven't found their way out here. I am desperate to catch up on my Elder, Kirgo, Roth. I have a reputation for being a bit of a nut. How can I keep this up if my handbook has ceased to arrive? How can I obtain back numbers?

John A. Simpson  
Victoria, Australia

See the inside back cover of this issue for any you may have missed. Our man has to swim all the way to Australia with a bundle of HELPIs between his teeth and he doesn't always make it.—Ed.

#### CLUB?

I've been reading your magazine for years. I would like to know if you are going to start a club so your HELPI! readers can join. If you are, please tell me how much it would cost

and what members would get.

After you get started with your club, other HELPI! readers would start their own HELPI! clubs and get more people to read HELPI! I think it would give your magazine a big boost.

Sammy Rickis  
Bloomfield, Conn.

No plans for HELPI! clubs yet, although we could let you in on a Tree Worshiper Cult we are getting together.—Ed.



HELPI! Club

VOL.? NO.?

Your magazine does need

HELPI! On page one of the issue with all those looks in bathing suits on the cover (#15, he means—Ed.) in the upper left corner it says: Vol. 2 No. 3, Aug. 1962. But at the bottom of the page it says: Vol. 2, No. 2, May 1962. So what issue was it? Was it Vol. 2, No. 2 or was it Vol. 1, No. 3 or Vol. 5, No. 3 or Vol. 3, No. 3 or—Oh, hell, forget it.

Stephen Gordon  
Los Angeles, Calif.

You must have read that issue while crossing the International Date Line. Steph, which of course changes the date all around. From now on we are numbering all issues the same in order to clear up and/or create confusion.—Ed.

#### NAST

Your collection of Nast drawings in #15 was excellent. Such things put your humor magazine a cut above the ordinary.


NASTY Fan of Yours  
Findlay, Ohio

#### 4/6 OR FIGHT

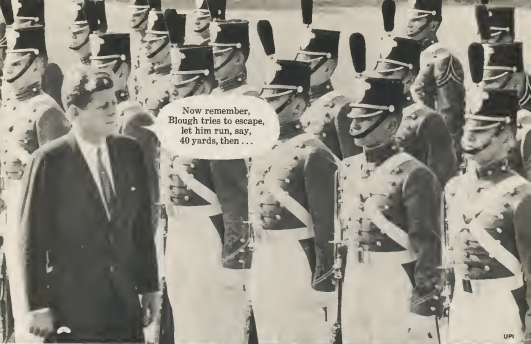
We Australians really need HELPI! For your 35¢ magazine here they charge 4/6. Juniors earn 4/6 an hour. Bloody expensive. Could you help? Herbert Sils  
Chatswood, Australia

Herb, you could try a subscription. That might make it cheaper. By our none-too-rapid calculation, 4/6 is either 17¢ or \$3.333.17. We don't know which.—Ed.

Please address all mail to HELPI! letters, Department 16  
501 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



But it's GOT to contain  
at least SOME  
hexachlorophyne!



Now remember,  
Blough tries to escape,  
let him run, say,  
40 yards, then ...

UPI



HANDS OF A STRANGER  
ALLIED ARTISTS

What would  
Ben Casey do  
at a moment  
like this?



All those  
that want bus rides  
to Hyannisport,  
raise hands.

UPI



UNTAMED FRONTIER—UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL

Dinner-shminner.  
Get in  
here!



You mean  
I'm not supposed to  
take bribes?





We've been stranded here  
for day and days!

So I said hello to Billie Sol Estes.



AT&T  
down 30 points  
and here I am  
doing this.



THE LIFE OF RILEY—Q.1

I've got it—  
Hertz!







Taxi!

# THE COMPANY PLANE

By  
Bernard  
Shir-Cliff

My name is George Bowles  
Let me tell you how flying changed my life

I'm in stocks—Bowles & Co., securities underwriters. Our specialty is helping the small business to mature and grow in America's competitive economy. I mean, we find a company that wants to raise a few fast bucks and we show them how to float an issue.



STERLING CAST  
Bowles—Russ Heath  
Laverne—Joyce Mericle  
Marlow—Paul Glaser  
Breese—Mel Peach  
Secretary—Frances Vargo  
Salesman—Jim Hampton

Photography by Ron Harris  
Make-up by Dick Smith

A service like ours, though, has got to reach out for business. Fact is, the companies we deal with, you haven't even heard of.



— So about six months ago I called in my top executives ...

The economy's booming — new stock throws on the market every day. We want a bigger share of that market. How do we get it?

We could advertise on matchbooks ...



They didn't know. I spurred them with "Free Association Think Flow" and "Cloud Nine Sessions" to unleash blocked creativity ...

Imagine you're a gorilla and you want a banana but you can't reach it—what would you do?

I'd call my keeper.



Right! You would look for a tool to bring the bananas within reach!

Gentlemen, for us that tool is the company plane! To visit clients in other parts of the country I have bought an airplane. It will be delivered tomorrow.

That's all very well, G. B., but we don't have any clients in other parts of the country.



Exactly! and that's why we need a plane. A flying Brain Trust bringing Wall Street know-how to the boondocks!



Naturally, I also discussed the matter with my wife.

I guess this means you'll be away a lot.

Can't be helped. Gladys.



George, promise me . . .

Yes, Gladys?



You will keep up the payments on the insurance.



The next day I went to the airport to take delivery. The plane was entirely satisfactory. My signpainter had added a few unique touches . . .

Not bad, eh?



Gives it a bit of flair, eh?

Ahem... if you'll  
step over here, we'll  
get the picture.



What  
picture?

Of you taking  
delivery of the plane. I hand  
you the keys and... haven't  
you got an attache case or  
something so that you'll  
look like a hot-  
shot tycoon?



As a mat-  
ter of fact,  
I did come  
prepared...



No no no-Cut! Cut! Who do  
you think you are-Smilin' Jack?  
This creep'll set the aviation  
business back twenty years.



O.K.,  
Buster,  
Those are  
the keys.  
Try not  
to fly  
backwards,  
and happy  
landings!

When  
do  
I  
get  
my  
les-  
sons?

What  
les-  
sons?



It says in the sales  
contract you're got to teach  
me to fly it.

You  
want to  
actually  
fly it? I  
thought this  
was just a  
tax dodge...  
Look, Ace, if  
it says I  
got to teach  
you, I'll  
teach you.  
But are you  
sure you  
know what  
you're  
doing?







I have read that flying a business plane is no more difficult than driving a car.

Yeah... well...

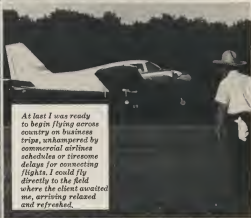


In no time at all I had mastered the fundamentals and was amazing my instructor...

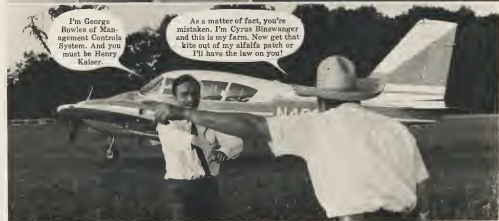


May Day!  
May Day!

Fly  
like a  
dream.



At last I was ready to begin flying across country on business trips, unhampered by commercial airlines schedules or tiresome delays for connecting flights. I could fly directly to the field where the client awaited me, arriving relaxed and refreshed.



I'm George Bowles of Management Controls System. And you must be Henry Kaiser.

As a matter of fact, you're mistaken. I'm Cyrus Binswanger and this is my farm. Now get that kite out of my alfalfa patch or I'll have the law on you!



It's  
Bat Man.  
He says he's  
socked in in  
Sauk City  
and won't be  
back until  
Monday.

Okay,  
Shirley,  
pack your  
bikini—we're  
off to Fire  
Island.

*Occasionally, bad weather made it necessary to cancel a flight, but I kept in close contact with my main office by telephone.*



*Of course, I always called Gladys, too, so she wouldn't worry.*

Sorry  
I can't get  
home, but it's  
"ceiling zero"  
here at the  
airport.

That's  
all right,  
George.



Thanks to the plane, I had made some stimulating contacts.

Then it's a deal?



This joint is like dead. We gonna hang around here all day?



I'd like you to meet Miss Lavern, my -shem-co-pilot.



Your co-pilot, eh? And I suppose that's your plane. How much did it cost you?

Oh, I don't know—\$60,000 maybe.

Why, that's just about what you'll make on our company's stock deal, isn't it?



Yeah, but we got a lot of expenses in connection... like entertainment and travel and making sure the company has a good rep and all like that. I mean, we look into these deals pretty carefully.



But, we  
don't count the  
cost. After all,  
it's only money.  
Easy come,  
easy go.

Easy go... yes,  
maybe we should go a  
little easy. Suppose I  
write you in a few months  
after I've had a chance  
to think this  
deal over.



But  
I thought  
we'd al-  
ready  
agreed?

Don't  
worry.  
Mr. Bowles.  
As you say,  
it's only  
money.



I don't get it.  
Why would he cut  
out after the deal  
was all set?

Forget it, baby.  
He's just a  
square.



*I realized that  
flying had  
changed my  
outlook on a  
lot of things.  
From now on  
we could con-  
centrate on the  
young exec—  
not on the  
stuffed shirt  
set—and swing  
a little.*



Hi—I'm  
George  
Bowles.



Bowles  
is the name.  
—call me  
"Bo!"



Ring-  
a-ding,  
daddio!

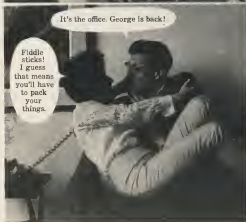
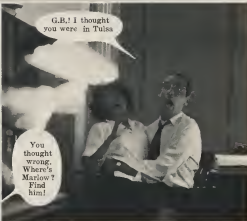


*It was a real ball. Then there came all this foolish talk about inflated stock values. The market went crazy and suddenly the Dow Jones Index and everything came tumbling down around my head.*

PIPER  
FLYING-W-RANCH

What  
is  
it?

Bad  
News, baby.  
Business is  
Bombeville. Got  
to blast off  
for New York  
tonight.



The clients want to consult with you, but we never know where you are.

All we get are bills for gas and plane repairs!

And this co-pilot, Lavern, did you know he was charging the company for a lot of women's clothes?

Hold it, boys! Let me get this straight ... are you criticizing me?

Oh no, G.B. You've been doing a great job. It's just that—

It's just that our company plane isn't paying off, is that it? Well, I was wrong and I admit it.

Even when you fail, you fail big.

It takes a big man to admit his mistakes.

I was wrong to think I could fly all over the country and still run an office ...

So I'm closing the office! Clear out your desks. They're picking up the furniture in the morning!

*It was a smart move. Old-fashioned business methods were tying me down. Now I'm a wheeler-dealer. My airplane is my office. I can fly to any part of the world to close the deal on the spot.*

*As for Gladys, she was reasonable after our little talk about Marlow ... Yes, flying a company plane has changed my life. It can change yours, too ...*





— Why not  
drive out to  
the airport and  
have a talk with  
your friendly  
dealer ?



-George, honey ?

Yeah, baby ?



Are you what they call  
a tycoon pilot ?

Nah, baby . . .



... a tycoon  
got jet en-  
gines.

END



# HAVE GUN WILL RUN ... A SATIRE BY ARNOLD HAYNE

"Lovely Lady, O, thou art fairer than the evening air/  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars...your eyes are  
silent tongues of love...In thy face I see The map of

honour, truth and loyalty...your lips -" / "Missa Paradini!  
Missa Paradini!" / "Hey-boy, you ass, can't you see I'm  
entertaining Miss Corbett?" / "But Missa Paradini! Mes-  
sage come from Aberene!" / "Come from where, Hey-  
boy?" / "Aberene, Missa Paradini!" / "Let's see that





telegram, Hey-boy. Oh. Abilene. Mm. My friend Sheriff Tate out there is in trouble and wants my help . . . well, pack my bag, Hey-boy. Lovely lady, Goodnight, goodnight! parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow."

\* \* \*

"Hello, Sheriff Tate."

"Paladin! Good to see you!"

"What's all the trouble, Sheriff?"

"Black Charlie's back in town."

"Black Charlie? The hombre that wears the black clothes?"

"That's him."

"Hm. Black clothes. Sort of gives you the whim-whams, doesn't it, Sheriff?"

"I hope you'll help us, Paladin. You're the only man I know faster'n Black Charlie, and I think . . . what's that card you're handing me, Paladin? Ain't got my glasses handy . . . all I can make out is . . . looks like the head of a donkey, here, an—"

"No, Tate, you ass, it's not a donkey. And the card says, 'Have Gun Will Run.'"

"Huh! What's that mean, Paladin?"

"Never mind, Sheriff. Where can I find Black Charlie now?"

"He's down at th' saloon, Paladin. But be careful! He's mean!"

"Every cloud engenders not a storm, Sheriff!"

\* \* \*

"Bartender, I'll have a Pink Lady with a drop of Amon-tillado, please."

"What? Whatta ya, a fink or somethin', mister? What's this *Pink Lady* stuff? Ya want beer or whiskey?"

"I gather your experience behind the bar precludes serving anything more complicated, sir."

"*Hey, boys!* Didja hear what this creep wanted? A *Pink Lady!*"

"Haw haw haw haw haw haw!"

"Hey, mister! You at the bar! Them there *Pink Ladies* must be a powerful drink, huh? Can ya sit yer saddle after *two*? Har har har har har!"

"May I ask who the gentleman is with the vast sense of humor?"

"I'm the gentleman, and my name's Black Charlie! Hey, men, lookit the fancy holster he's wearin'!"

"Haw haw haw! It's got a *donkey* head on it! Haw!"

"Har har har . . . whatta they call you, mister? The *donkey*?"

"Maybe they call him the ass, Charlie! Har har har har!"

"He who reflects on another man's want of breeding, shows he wants it as much himself. I suggest you gentlemen read this card . . ."

"What's this he's givin' us? . . . Look! The *card's* got the donkey head on it, too! Haw haw!"

"It is *not* a *donkey* head, damn-it, gentlemen! And I warn you . . . Harp not on that string!"

"Th' donkey man don't even talk English!"

"You've *been* warned now, gentlemen . . ."

"Then *draw*, donkey man!"

"Didja see that, Charlie? Boy, was he *fast!*"

"Yep . . . *never* seen a man get out the door faster'n him!"

\* \* \*

"I wonder where Miss Corbett

is . . . Hey-boy, what time is it?"

"Seven o'clock, Missa Paradin."

"You know, Hey-boy, I think it's about time you did something about your diction. You've been with me 38 years and you can't even pronounce my name!"

"Werr, I earn rots of things, Missa Paradin. I know Missy Corbett not come tonight . . ."

"Not come? Why not?"

"Because whire you in Aberene, I not waste time. I take good rook and see Missy Corbett have nice figur. So decide, 'She is beautifur, and therefore to be wooed . . . She is a woman, therefore to be won'. So I make date with Missy Corbett for tonight."

"I've told you repeatedly not to interfere with my women, Hey-boy, you clot!"

"Crot? What is crot?"

"As much as I hate to do this, Hey-boy, I'm going to draw down on you!"

"You not wear revolver, Missa Paradin."

"But you forget my derringer!"

"Dellinger, baroney, Missa Paradin. I know you buy dellinger in F. W. Woolworth's. Dellinger shoot caps. In fact, *all* big joke, Missa Paradin . . . sirry business with donkey heads on ever-thing! Who you trying to kid?"

"All right, Hey-boy. We'll forget it . . . but not a word of this to anyone."

"Well . . . I sure don't feel like sitting around this flophouse room all night, reading that ridiculous Omar Khayyam. What time are you picking up Miss Corbett? Think maybe we could work it out and *share* Miss Corbett tonight, Hey-boy?" **END**

# ADVENTURES OF GOODMAN BEAVER—CHAPTER VI GOODMAN GETS A GUN

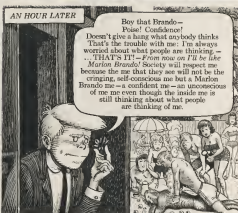
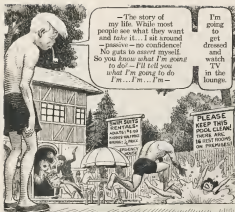
Story by Harvey Kurtzman Art by Will Elder

*This adventure points out the simple lesson that money isn't everything in life. No, indeed. If one is interested in the deeper*

*meaning of his existence, he must not look to the shallow pleasure of money but to a deeper, soul satisfying essence — power!*













Maria

## help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a magnificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP, 501 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



Ted Robins





Sam Corneli

Sam Corneli



Strumer



"If you're the Easter bunny, where  
are your chocolate eggs?"

Bill O'Neal



"So long, Baron Von Strickland!"

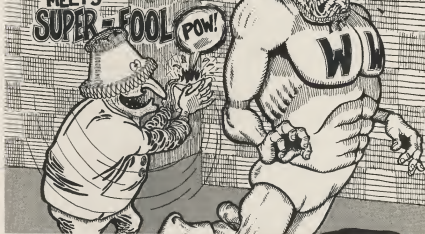
O. Elifson



# WONDER WART HOG

MEETS  
SUPER-FOOL

POW!



HIGH ABOVE THE CITY IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT MEGATROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER, TIMID, MILD-MANNERED PHILBERT DESENEK (WHO IN REALITY IS WONDER WART HOG), SITS AT HIS TYPEWRITER, WRITING OF EARTH-SHAKING EVENTS...



I'LL ASK MELODY LANE! SHE KNOWS HOW TO INTERPRET THESE CODED MESSAGES!

MELODY! THIS AD SAYS, Noodle-Noses Deliver machine guns and bombs at midnight. I'm going to hold up the First National Bank and kill all the people.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, MELODY?

I SUSPECT IT MEANS FOUL PLAY IS AFOOT!



HMPH! HE FLEES EVEN AT THE MERE MENTION OF FOUL PLAY! WHATEVER IS IT THAT LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT SUCH A PANTYWAIST COULD ACTUALLY BE WONDER WART HOG?

MAYBE IT'S HIS SMELL...

FOUL PLAY! EEEEEK!

MELODY IS RIGHT! THERE IS FOUL PLAY AFOOT! I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE IT OUT, BUT SOMETHING HEINOUS IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

FIRST NATIONAL...

BOMBS...

MACHINE GUNS...

MIDNIGHT...

OHO!

IT MUST BE A BANK HOLDUP!  
THIS IS INDEED A JOB FOR...  
**WONDER WART HOG!**

THE HOG OF STEEL LEAPS INTO ACTION!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!  
I SEE A CROWD OF PEOPLE  
RUNNING AND FLEEING OUT OF  
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK!

GAG!

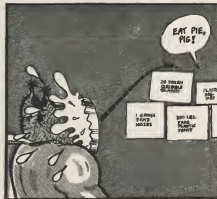
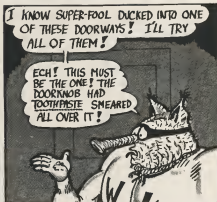
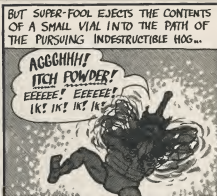
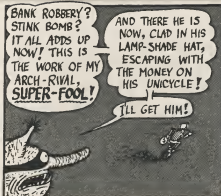
GAGS!

GAG!

STOP, GOOD SIR! WHY ARE YOU RUNNING FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?

**GAG! RETCH!**

SOMEONE THREW A STINK BOMB IN THE BANK!



OH GHOD! I CAN'T STAND IT! A LEMON MERINGUE PIE IN THE FACE! THIS IS TOO MUCH! BULLETS, KNIVES, CANNONS AND BOULDERS I CAN TAKE, BUT PIES, NO! I'M NOT IN THE CRIME-FIGHTING BUSINESS TO BE MADE MERRY OF!

ALL RIGHT, BUFFOON, IF IT'S PIE YOU WANT...

IT'S PIE YOU'LL GET!  
**BANZAI!!**

EEEK!

I SURRENDER, WONDER WART HOG!

ALL RIGHT, FOUL FOOL, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE MONEY?

MONEY?

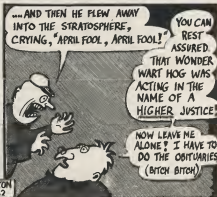
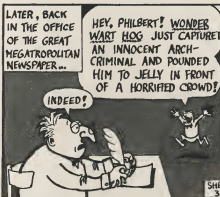
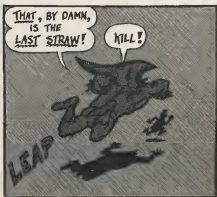
I ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT I AM AS PENNILESS AS A DOODLEBUG!

NO MONEY? WELL, WHAT WAS IN THAT SACK YOU CARRIED OUT OF THE BANK?

I THOUGHT IT WAS MONEY, BUT YOU SEE, TODAY IS APRIL FOOL'S DAY, AND THE TELLER FILLED UP THE BAG WITH TOILET PAPER!

APRIL FOOL?

YES INDEED!

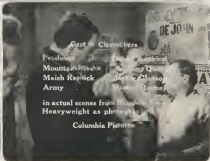


SHELTON  
3-62

This is an off-camera view of the movie set of the Rod Serling story, **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**. While three of the figures will be familiar to the reader, the fourth, the mysterious stranger lurking in the shadows is our own agent who watched the filming of *Requiem*, and reports on what he saw behind the cameras.



INSIDE  
**REQUIEM FOR A  
HEAVYWEIGHT**



Cast Characters  
Producers  
Mountains  
Maine Redback  
Army

in actual scenes from *Requiem for a Heavyweight* as photographed by

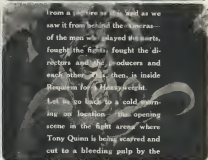
Columbia Pictures



with between-the-scenes action  
as drawn by Harvey Kurtzman

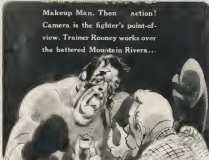


This is the story of a sequence  
from a television film about



from a picture as the best as we  
saw it from behind the cameras—  
of the men who played the parts,  
fought the fights, fought the di-  
rectors and the producers and  
each other. This, then, is inside  
Requiem for a Heavyweight.

Let us go back to a cold morn-  
ing on location—the opening  
scene in the fight arena where  
Tony Quinn is being scared and  
cut to a bleeding pulp by the



Makeup Man. Then action!  
Camera is the fighter's point-of-  
view. Trainer Rooney works over  
the battered Mountain Rivera...



SCENE 11—SUBJECTIVE MOUNTAIN, JOE  
ROONEY FROM MOUNTAIN'S POINT OF VIEW

Look  
at me,  
Mountain.

You're  
all  
right.

Easy,  
baby



Come on,  
Mountain.

Take  
it  
easy,  
boy.

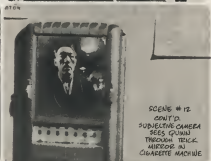


Look  
out! The  
cam-  
era  
will  
squash  
him!

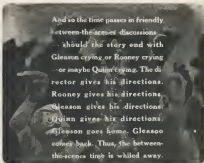
Grab  
it!

Cut!

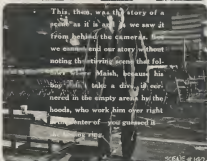
I'm  
all  
right!  
I'm  
all  
right!











A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a patterned dress, holding a man's head over a bowl. The man has a beard and is looking down. A speech bubble above the woman says, "Waiter—there's a head in my soup!". The background is dark and indistinct.

Waiter—  
there's a  
head  
in my  
soup!



War is declared!




And I say I'm *not*  
flying no Boeing 707!



... so I stopped using  
that greasy kid's  
stuff ...

THE END OF THE MONTAGNS—D



I know it's hard to believe,  
but the micronite filter refines away  
harsh flavor, refines away hot taste.  
You'll feel better about smoking  
with the taste of Kent.



Hold on,  
we got six flights  
to go up.

JAMES CAGNEY  
WARNER BROS.



I'm  
not  
hungry.

UPI



POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES — UNITED ARTISTS

Now look what you've done.  
You've scared your wife.

No, no, Pablo.  
Tonight it's Shakespeare.  
Tomorrow night is  
the concert.



UPI

Oh, I dunno, Marty,  
what do you want to  
do tonight?



This'll  
teach 'em to  
keep out of  
Lesbos.



REVENGE OF THE VIRGIN - GENERAL SCREEN CORP.

We plan to  
install them in all  
the bus stations.



THE FOURPOSTER-COLUMBIA

One more step, pops,  
and bing bing—  
Blindsville.





# HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE

A COLLECTION OF ITEMS RANGING FROM THE INANE TO THE ABSURD AND BACK



## CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER AUTOMATIC

You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flaps open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes hold fear. You squeeze the trigger again. Splat! The barrel spritz flame and you light her Marlboro. "It's no use, Dora," you murmur. "I'm sending you over." You cocklet your persuader, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk. (for regular) 2.95 (for king) 3.95

## BOOKS TO LAUGH BY



FAST ACTING HELP! is now in its glorious second printing and in at least as great demand as the Book of the Dead. For as little as 35¢.

Harvey Kurtzman's SECOND HELPING is now available to the literate few at discriminating newsstands everywhere for as little as 35¢.



TWO KURTZMAN CLASSICS  
Harvey Kurtzman was never a funnier, though God knows he's tried. Both HUMBUG DIGEST and THE JUNGLEBOOK for \$1.00



## THE UNEARTHLY BLACK BOX



Off. Then it vanishes into the bow and the lid bangs shut! Fabulous, you say? Incredible! Extracorporeality! It's nothing, really... \$4.95

There it sits. Quiet, sinister, waiting. The switch is thrown to On. There is a grinding of gears. The box vibrates as though gripped by a demon spirit, Good Lord! The lid is slowly rising... and from beneath it is emerging... a hand. The hand seizes the switch and pushes it to the left. The lid bangs shut! Fabulous, you say? Incredible! Extracorporeality! It's nothing, really... \$4.95

## PLASTERED PLUMBER'S WHISKEY DISPENSER

Looks just like miniaturized Household Plumbing, with pipes going round and round. When the bottle is turned over, we don't know how but the whiskey pours out. It's the most fascinating bar gadget in years. Made of High Impact Styrene with a bright metallic finish. Fits standard Whiskey bottles. Beautifully Boxed \$2.99



## HELP! BELT

If you're the guy people say about, "Oh, that's only Sherman," this is just what you've been needing. This HELP! belt will make a new man of you. It'll give you a steady gaze, firm grip, broad shoulders and curly hair. It's even hold your pants up. What more can you ask? The HELP! buckle is made of 1" case-hardened steel with just a dab of Krypton for luck. The belt is of 1" top quality elastic. Order this in individual size and you won't regret it. "Some guy that Sherman," they'll say. "He's got savoir-faire. He's got poise. He's a bad case of the nonchalance. He's got... \$2.25.



## SCOTCH. RYE AND CO BOURBON TOOTH PASTE



You're the slave of your body. You spend half your life feeding and cleaning it. Take your teeth, for instance. Think of the time you waste cleaning them every day. Well, with Scotch, Rye and Bourbon Tooth Paste you can now make tooth-cleaning time living time. Sing barroom tunes as you brush. Try it with a chaser of Vodka and mouth wash \$1.00 each \$2.75 for all 3

## ELECTRIC SAMOVAR

Stands 16 1/2" high, comes complete with gleaming metal spigot, white vinyl cord and lid in delectable blue for the girls and Sparkle for boys. \$10.95 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling - an electric Ceramic Samovar just like mother used to use to make tea for her Communist cell in Rome.



THE SATIRE SHOP Dept. H-16  
BOX 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me the following items.

HELP! BELT @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
SCOTCH. RYE AND CO BOURBON TOOTH PASTE @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
ELECTRIC SAMOVAR @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

plus 30¢ (\$1.50 for SAMOVAR) per item shipping fee.

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# MAN IN NEED OF HELP!

HELP! Magazine  
Subscription Dept. H 16  
1426 East Washington Lane  
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

Send HELP! I have enclosed  
\$2.00 for 6 issues of HELP!

Name.....

Address .....

City .....

Zone .... State.....

HELP! Magazine  
Back Issues Dept. H 16  
Box 6573  
Philadelphia 38, Pa

I have enclosed 50c  
per HELP! checked.



☐ #4



☐ #5



☐ #6



☐ #7



☐ #8



☐ #9



☐ #10



☐ #11



☐ #12



☐ #13



☐ #14



☐ #15

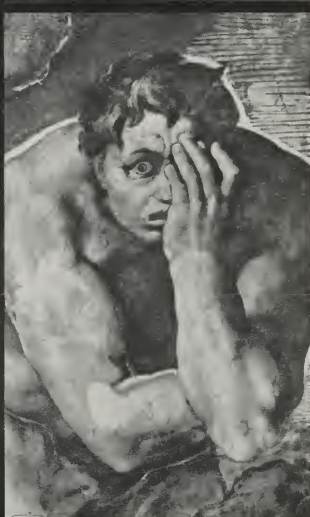
Name.....

Address .....

City .....

Zone .... State.....

This fellow needed HELP! so he subscribed to 6 issues for \$2.00. HELP! changed his whole attitude towards life as you can see from this recent picture taken after he became a subscriber. Why don't you subscribe? HELP! makes suicide pleasant





# HERE IS YOUR KEY!

- ☐ Everyone is playing “Winding dolls”. Wind up the Elizabeth Taylor doll and it wrecks two marriages.
- ☐ Wind up the Marilyn Monroe doll and if it’s on time, it’s broken.
- ☐ Wind up the Dorothy Killgallen doll and it snubs the Albert Schweitzer doll.
- ☐ Wind up the Jack Benny doll and it won’t give back the key.
- ☐ Wind up the Perry Como doll and it unwinds.
- ☐ Wind up the Khrushchev doll and it buries you.

# NOW READ HELP! AND WIND YOURSELF UP

**HOME  
DELIVERY  
SERVICE**  
ANY AREA, ANYTIME

**ABSOLUTELY**  
ON SALE HERE

*At the heart  
of the  
Community*

**NOTHING**  
ON SALE HERE

**D&M scans BOOKSTALL**

WIN  
ROCK'S  
SEASON  
TICKETS